

# The



# Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1923

No. 4

## C. L. S. TO PRESENT THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

"A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy"  
CAST

LeRoy Briggs, Captain of football team . . . . . J. Hoban  
Sam Bigelow, Center . . R. Scheidler  
Fred Williamson, Quarter-back . . .  
E. Arnoldi  
Harold Smith, Half-back . . A. Froehle  
Philip Ainsworth, Sub. . . J. Hagstrom  
Dick Colton, Sub. . . . . P. Rose  
Russel Sidney, Junior . . . . .  
A. Ratermann  
Leonard Ferguson, Junior . . M. Vogel  
Stephan Reynolds, Junior . . J. Lauer  
Clayton King, Football coach and instructor in academy . . . . H. Weier  
Murphy, Trainer . . . . . E. O'Connor  
Mr. Deane, an instructor . . . . .  
C. Willacker  
Alexander Norton, manager Star Moving Picture Theatre and originator of Norton's Nervy Novelities . . . . . E. Minneman  
Jimmy Colton, Dick's little brother, A regular Rah! Rah! boy . . J. Lieg

### SYNOPSIS

Act. 1. Colton's Room—Milford Academy, November.  
Act. 2. Locker room in gymnasium. The following Saturday.  
Act. 3. Same as Act 1. Evening of same day.

### FOOTBALL SEASON AT AN END

With the Purple and Red jerseys tucked safely away in a bed of mothballs and the locker rooms almost devoid of the familiar odor of arnica, local followers of the grid game will have to content themselves by dividing their time between basket ball and the sessions of the old "hot stove" league.

Although the varsity won but one game and lost three during the past season, still we do not believe that anyone will say that the season was a failure. The varsity lost to Lake Forest Academy, a team that out-



### THANKSGIVING DAY

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West  
From North and South, come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lips, and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

WHITTIER.

weighed the Saint's quite a bit. The next Saturday, Culver Military Academy defeated the Purple and Red by scoring twenty points in the first-half. Loyola University with a team of select stars next overwhelmed the scrap-pin' Hoosiers (66 to 0). But in the final game of the season the boys from Collegeville came back strong and defeated Elmhurst College (6-0) in the finest exhibition of grit and fight that has been shown for many a season at St. Joe.

This year's schedule, though it consisted of but four games, was in all respects the hardest schedule ever faced by a St. Joe team. To begin with the team possessed very few men that could be called veterans. But with a squad of youngsters, Coach Radican succeeded in selecting a team that never stopped fighting until the final whistle blew, and that is saying quite a bit.

Then too, we must consider the powerful opponents which the team

(Continued on page 2)

## C. S. M. C. UNIT MEETS

Sunday morning, November 18, St. Joseph's unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade began its work for the year when last year's vice-president, Arthur Froehle, called a meeting of the members. The main purpose of the first meeting was the election of officers. This was the choice of the unit: Arthur Froehle, president; Eugene Arnoldi, vice-president; Edward Kotter, secretary; Alphonse Hoffman, treasurer; Robert Gorman, field secretary; and Ralph Mueller, committeeman.

The foremost interest of the Mission Crusade is the promotion of religious fervor and love for the missions, whether home or foreign. The C. S. M. C. Unit is the organization in Collegeville, which has for its special aim the spread of God's Church. The Holy Name Society, by its very name, tells its purpose; so does the Mission Crusade. It is always a noble and patriotic work to further religious fervor, because, here religion is lacking, our body politic suffers and comes to a sad and untimely death on the reefs of un-Godliness and unbelief. Hence, we can say, that such a society as the Mission Crusade, is noble and patriotic.

The Reverend Rector of the College has kindly taken upon his already heavily burdened shoulders, the directorship of our Unit. All the members of the Unit feel grateful to him for his kindness, and the Cheer, in their name, assures him that we can and will help this great cause of Christ to the best of our limited abilities, if not financially, at least prayerfully.

Paul Buckley—"Say, Metz, did you ever hear of one's being glad because he was down and out?"

Bob—"Naw—Spill it—why—who when?"

Buck—"The guy who took his first ride in an airplane."



## APPLICANTS JOIN COLUMBIANS

On Sunday, Nov. 4, seventeen applicants joined the Columbian Literary Society. They enjoyed a hearty welcome, and an entertainment by way of a private program in which John Roach, Edward Kotter, Ferdinand Hartmann, Thomas Ronayne, Louis Brenner, and Raymond Dirrig took part. Those admitted to the Society at this meeting were: George Buell, James Calpin, Emmett Jeffers, Lawrence Rall, August Hoefer, John Hipkind, Maurice Sondermann, Joseph Braun, Malcolm De Shone, Walter Lyon, Raymond Yeager, Francis Buckley, James Trahey, Alphonse Siefker, John Lieg, Theodore Liebert, and Richard Meier.

During the meeting Raymond Boehm rendered several delightful piano selections.

## THE EDITOR'S DREAM

Last evening I was talking  
With an editor, old and gray,  
Who told me of a dream he had  
'Twas just the other day.

While standing in his office  
The vision came to view.  
For he saw an angel enter  
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven  
The Lord just sent me down  
To bring you up to glory  
And put on your golden crown.

You've been a friend to everyone  
And worked hard night and day,  
You have supported many  
And from few received your pay.

And we want you up in glory  
Where you desire to be,  
So place your trusting hand in mine  
And come along with me."

Then the angel and the editor  
Started up to glory's gate.  
But when passing close to Hades  
The angel murmured "Wait."

"I have a place to show you  
It's the hottest place in h——  
Where the ones that never paid you  
Do in torment always dwell."

And, behold ( the editor saw them,  
His old subscribers by the score,  
And grabbing up a chair and fan  
He wished for nothing more.

But was bound to sit and watch them  
As they'd sizzle and singe and burn  
And his eyes would rest on debtors  
Whichever way they'd turn

Said the angel, "Come on, editor  
There's the pearly gates to see  
But the editor only murmured  
"There is heaven here for me."

Abridged by John Fulton.

## ALUMNI COLUMN

"Editor of 'The College Cheer,'

"Dear Sir:

"Last Monday afternoon, I enjoyed the privilege of opening the basketball league at the Gibault Home for Boys. This home for dependent boys is located at Terre Haute on the "Banks of the Wabash." Whilst I was a guest at the institution, one fact made a profound and indelible impression upon my mind, a beautiful spirit of brotherly love. As I journeyed homeward, a seat-mate in the Pullman, was one who could be easily taught by any of the above mentioned boys. This New Yorker lacked that Christian virtue, "Brotherly love." When I reached my domicile, I found your sunshine publication on



REV. ALBERT V. DEERY

my desk. That editorial anent, the 'Alumni,' was a jewel of the setting, a column set apart to keep ever aglow that spirit of 'brotherly love' between those who have left the hallowed halls of St. Joe. If there is no communication between us, that spirit which was once our in college, that spirit will weaken. Long live the Alumni Column! Congratulations to the responsible individual. Let us all strive to cherish that spirit which this world of our lacks at the present hour. Pardon these rambling thoughts, but 'ex abundantia cordis os loquitur.'

"Remaining,

"Most sincerely in Xto,

"A. V. DEERY."

We are glad that Father Deery likes the Alumni Column. Thank you Father for telling us. We enjoy it too, and anxiously hope that its continuance will be made possible by generous news from various members of the Alumni. Every mail will be

expectingly awaited for something from one of your brother Alumni, and if it comes we will rejoice, and if not,

## FOOTBALL SEASON AT AN END

(Continued from page 1)

faced Lake Forest and Culver recently played for the Academic Championship of the mid-west; and Loyola-U has held her own against such teams as St. Louis university and Campion. Elmhurst of all these was a team of the varsity's own class and on a dry field the score would undoubtedly have been higher.

All in all the past season was one, wherein a team, that was defeated, fought on more desperately with every new rebuff and in the end found its efforts crowned with victory. We hope that next year and in all future years the management may continue to build up the schedule on the foundation that was laid in 1923, and that one day we may witness the end of a football season during which the Purple and Red waved in victory over every one of these same teams.

## ST. JOE MINIMS WALLOP RENSSELAER MIDGETS 55-0

Before a very enthusiastic crowd of spectators the St. Joe Minims defeated the Rensselaer Midgets 55-0 here last Sunday. The College youngsters played a nice game. Aided by a fine brand of interference, Monahan, "Slippery" Midendorf, Dirrig, Mitchell, and Rupel skirted the ends for long gains. Though the Rensselaer boys lost, they played a clean, hard game and for this they deserve praise.

## TEENY WEENIES—30 PIGSKINS—0

Saturday afternoon, while Notre Dame, Yale, Illinois and other big teams were winning, the Teeny Weenies led by the sorrel-topped Callaghan defeated the Pigskins 30-0 in a fast game. The game was characterized by spirited play and several long runs were registered. Keep it up boys the varsity is calling you.

## NEWMAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Newman Literary Society held an exceptionally interesting meeting on Sunday morning, Nov. 2. Many things of importance were discussed, among them being the publication of "The Beacon," the class paper of the Thirds. Father Maurice Ehleringer heartily endorsed the project, and announced that several other members of the faculty were in favor of it.

The society also decided to put on a banquet immediately after the next private program, which is to be given on Nov. 25th. The committee appointed to arrange this consists of Daniel Castillo, Norman Liebert, and Alfred Aldrich.



## FOURTH CLASS GLEANINGS

THE COMING THROUGH  
OF SMILING JACK

In a small town of southern Ohio, not far from the western border, a recruiting station was opened soon after the declaration of war. At first men hurried to enlist; but as the days passed on, the crowd grew smaller and smaller. One sultry summer day, only one man applied. No sooner had the recruiting officer, Sergeant Miller, seen the prospective soldier, than he concluded that this man would not do for active service in France. Some official reason, however, must be given why he could not be accepted. As the stranger approached the desk, Sergeant Miller buttoned his coat, took a large paper from the desk, and prepared himself for his customary "rapid fire" of questions.

"Name, please?" said the officer rather politely.

"Jack Hollihan," came the reply in a strong clear voice.

"Age?" asked the sergeant without an instant's delay.

"Yes, sir," replied the rather startled Jack.

"Your age, I say," repeated the man at the desk.

"Twenty-five years, will be twenty-six next month." Explained the recruit.

"Nationality—Native or foreign born?" quizzed the officer.

"Irish-American," resounded Jack's voice in accents that gave no room for doubt.

"Married?" further inquired the sergeant.

"No, sir, and I have no one dependent on me," Jack hastily answered.

After some other routine questions, Jack Hollihan was told to step into the ante-room for physical examination.

Twenty-five minutes later Jack Hollihan stepped out of that recruiting station a changed man. Disappointment was written large across his broad, red face. He had been turned down because he was "too fat."

Slowly he picked his way to the K. of C. club rooms to tell his faithful old "pals" that he was not to go to France with them.

"The first time in ten years that we're separated," muttered Jack as he pushed open the door and walked dejectedly to the smoking room in search of his friends. But his friends were not there. Jack was about to leave when the colored porter called after him.

"I suppose you is going to France, too," he said in a hopeful voice.

Jack did not answer, but stood gazing across the room to learn what more the porter would say.

"That's all right, boss. I'se too old

to fight, but the K. C. is sending me over to make coffee and doughnuts for the boys. Why don't you goes over to?"

"I—I sure will," stuttered Jack, as a new thought flashed across his mind. And a smile crossed his face for the first time since he had left the recruiting station. Hurrying outside, he signaled a taxi and told the driver to take him to 1517 Lincoln Way.

It was but a few minutes till Jack Hollihan arrived at the residence of Mr. Mac Andrew, Grand Knight of the K. of C. Ringing the door-bell, he was promptly admitted by a dark-haired, neatly dressed maid. Soon he was relating his story to Mr. Mac Andrew. A sympathetic smile crossed Mr. Mac Andrew's countenance, as he listened attentively to Jack's plea.

"Jack," he said, "I have known you since you were a boy. I am sorry you cannot 'go over,' marching in line with the other boys, but if you cannot fight the enemy with a gun, I'll see to it that you will help fight them with your boyish smile. We need you to cheer 'the boys' on to victory. Come around tomorrow and I'll see that everything is fixed up."

The next few weeks passed quickly. Every one except Jack Hollihan appeared to be busy, getting ready to leave for camp. Jack, when asked if he was going to enlist, only smiled. He would surprise them.

Some time later a farewell dance was given by the K. of C. for the boys who were leaving the next day for camp. Every one was happy, especially Mr. Mac Andrew when he announced the three K. C. secretaries, who, with the boys, would go to camp and to France when the time came.

A curtain to the left of Mr. Mac Andrew was pulled back. When the first two secretaries passed, a small applause was given; but when Jack Hollihan's huge form, neatly dressed in khaki, stepped forth, the crowd went 'wild with joy.' Mothers and dads were happy, because Jack Hollihan would be near their boys to cheer and encourage them when the letter from home failed to come. Sweethearts were happy, because Jack would be near their 'lovers' with smokes, coffee, and most of all, a smile and a word of cheer, when things were going wrong.

The morning of November ninth found the One Hundred and Twenty Eighth Machine Gun Battalion nearing the Western Front. That night they were to take their places in the front-line trenches. All day long the heavy artillery and musketry roared in the distance. The road to the left was crowded with trucks carrying supplies to the front, with ambulances conveying the wounded and dying to the hospital behind the lines. Now and then a group of prisoners would pass. These sights were enough to make a cold chill run up the back of

most any man. But Jack Hollihan did not give his lads time to think of fear. He kept up their courage by pretending that these things did not bother him. And so through all the long months of the war, Jack Hollihan, by his smile and good cheer, had kept the boys "carrying on."

On July 28, 1919, the Thirty Second Division marched through the streets of this same small Ohio town in southern Ohio. Eager eyes were gazing on the boys who had fought so bravely "over there." And as the One Hundred and Twenty Eighth Battalion passed, one question was on the lips of those who stood on both sides of the khaki-clad marchers, "Where's Jack Hollihan?"

Those of the battle-scarred heroes who were close enough to hear, answered with a bit of sadness in their voices: "Jack left us a few months ago to go to the Base Hospital in France."

Weeks and months slipped by till one day a commanding figure dressed in khaki, stepped from the evening train. The old One Hundred and Twenty Eighth Gun Battalion, ever faithful to flag and friend, was there to a man. They now knew why Jack had left his "buddies" to go to the Base Hospital in France. Pinned over his right shoulder was an empty sleeve. And over his big Irish heart, he wore the American Medal for Bravery under fire, for indeed Jack Hollihan time and again had helped the old boys of the One Hundred and Twenty Eight to "come smiling through."

Francis Buckley

## THE POPULAR ANTHEM

My auto 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago, now you refuse to go—or won't or can't. Through town and country-side I drove thee full of pride; no charm you lacked. I loved your gaudy hue, your tires so round and new—now I feel mighty blue, the way you act. To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn; frayed are thy seats and worn; the croup affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and sneeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now every one yells, "Ice!" I wonder why. Thy motor has the grip; thy spark-plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, fatigue and kindred ills, trying to pay the bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank-roll now; no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the yen, so help me John—amen! I'd buy a car again and speed some more.—(Adapted from the Bay City Motorist).



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## EDITORIALS

### Thanksgiving Day

For every blessing life has held,  
Or yet may hold, we humbly pray,  
Lord, make us thankful in our hearts  
On this Thanksgiving Day.

### The Spirit of Thanksgiving

As Time, in her endless advance, nears the termination of another year, we perceive even Nature herself adding lustre to the panorama which flashes before mankind the waning year's blessings. It is the time of garnering the bounteous products of Mother Earth, the time when people, instinctively urged to retrospection, recognize the countless blessings which God has showered upon them during the recent twelve-month. And as such, it is likewise the time of Thanksgiving. It is one of the few occasions on which this great nation recognizes the existence of God and its dependence upon Him.

Each of us has numberless reasons for offering thanks to God. Although we poor humans are unable to understand that at times, even misfortune is permitted by an all-wise Providence for our ultimate happiness, we ought at least to be thankful in the realization that life, humble or hard though it be, is a priceless gift.

Gratitude is one of the noblest traits of the human heart, a virtue bespeaking Christian sentiment. It was this spirit of gratitude toward God for protection from harm and for blessings on their labors that moved the early Americans to set aside a day for special thanksgiving. It stamps this as a Christian country. It is one of the many great things that make one proud of being an American. History offers few, if any, instances of a nation celebrating a day of thanks year after year. Unfortunately the day has become largely an occasion for games and heavy dinners for millions of our people. Here as in other things they have drifted away from the moorings of true Americanism. Next to true religion, they need nothing so much as a course in the Constitution, the Farewell Address of Washington, and the first Thanksgiving day proclamation of the Father of our Country. These documents embody

the principles and the spirit which alone can preserve this great Republic. All other Americanization work is secondary to the perpetuation of the spirit of our Fathers.

Far-seeing and powerful as some are reputed to be among their fellow-men, the tide rolls on and the stream takes its course not by man's devising. We are the tide and the stream, and a Power above ours impels and guides us on. So little, indeed, are we that our best efforts are only a beginning in the discovery and understanding of the lessons written in the alphabet of nature, and our best labors have but taught us how to conform to the laws already established from the foundation of time.

Therefore, because we are dependent, it is but the expression of the simple truth to acknowledge our debt to God on this Thanksgiving Day—not because the day is fine or the plentiful board groans under the weight of the abundant and luscious viands, not because our health is better or our prospects brighter, but because at all times, whether in good estate or in evil case, we are beggars at God's table, whom with a free hand in lavish measure and in many secret ways He is ever enriching.

### Our Football Season

Though the campus still resounds with the brisk tread of healthy football lovers, our "Reps" have once more shelved the "battle-armor" of the gridiron. And now that these faithful warriors need respond no more to the practice calls, it is quite apropos that their meritorious deeds be recognized. Because of this we hasten to signify our genuine appreciation of their gridiron feats.

Some may marvel at our apparent boldness when we style the recent season a success. Premising the admission that the scores are indeed "sick," and therefore quite serviceable in branding our statement paradoxical, we ask the students to reflect for one moment. Our schedule included the strongest opposition any St. Joe eleven has tackled in recent years; there were no "practice games" included, all will agree. Certainly it is far more honorable to bow before a superior team than constantly to overwhelm a lesser foe.

That aged yet true saying, "It is better to have deserved success than to have gained it," is quite proper in our retrospect of the recent season. Who will even dare to deny that our men fought constantly with every ounce of energy, every spark of enthusiasm, every iota of perseverance? Once again, then, "Hats off to the valiant squad of football warriors who so gallantly upheld the fighting pluck of St. Joe representative teams!!"

### Remember!!

Bleak, cheerless November! The earth stripped of its glory, early nights and late and murky days, the wantonness of summer to be followed by the castigating blasts of winter. After that the happy awakening in Spring to new and purer life.

They went their way of life, carelessly smiling, plucking the flowers by the wayside, and ere they were well prepared for it, the shades of death had closed in upon them. In the desolation of purgatory they are abiding the chastening hand of God. Only through that winter comes the blessed Spring when they shall open their eyes to the blissful sight of God.

Let our prayers for them be rays of sunlight to cheer the winter of their desolation, soothing comfort for the sting of chastisement. When our winter comes, shall we not sigh for light and cherry days?

### The Credit System

Undoubtedly an explanation of the credit system, in these columns, will be well taken. The discussion of the system is undertaken here in order to remove the vague ideas in the minds of many students regarding the rules which govern the awarding of credits for the successful completion of the various courses of study.

In harmony with state regulations a student is given one unit of credit upon the successful completion of a subject pursued for one year, with class-room periods averaging from four to five hours each week. The graduate of the High School Department must have merited sixteen of these units; in addition, four years of religious instruction are requisite.

Though sixteen units are credit are exacted by the majority of our universities, some will accept high school graduates possessing only fifteen units. Such admission, however, is permitted only upon the condition that the student supplement the sixteenth unit during his Freshman year. This condition, because of the many studies included in the first year of a university course, is a great handicap; the student, thus over-taxed with work, is neither able to win credit for himself nor to mirror the efficiency of his preparatory school.

The requirements for graduation from the Classical-Scientific, English-Scientific, and Commercial courses are published in the current catalogue.

Certain students fail to realize the direct bearing which present studies have upon their future career. We shall, in succeeding issues, discuss this intimate relation to our present preparatory studies with the requisites of various secular avocations.

One of the greatest world mysteries, still unsolved, is the boarding-house hash.



## FROM HIRAM'S GIFTED PEN:

Dear Cuzin,

I s'pose you have a watchin' a long time for this epistola as they say in Latun. Bill, this here Colledge life has got the farm beat all holler, it sure hain't nuthin like the old brick skule. These here perfessers believe in makin you work, an right at the present I myself am a studying purty lively like. There's one stury, trigger-nomeby, now Bill before you ax any foll kuestion they ain't no shooting in it. In this here subjeck if you know how big the angles is you kin figger the size of the thing in kwestion I kina gotta hunch that the right name orter be trickernometry since theys so many tricks in it, but I ges the feller what writ the book thought he'd rope all the boys in with the name trigger so thye think it was a wild west storie.

They had a show here t' other nite given by the Columbian literary society. It was purty fare. One of the acts was "Jewelus Seesar" 'member the same show we give las commens-mint. They wasn't so good as we was tho caus I know frum the very the audiens laffed at the Croocial parts.

I spose paw telled you about the football team an so 4th. We went to Chi, thats what the gies call Chicago, to play, Bill, lemme say right here and now that town is about as big as, well I can't explain it no other way than this, if Chicago was a farm an you'd plant wheat an then start to walk round the farm, time youd get back they'd have bread baked frum the flour of the what you plant-ed. Why they run the street cars on the street and even up in the air, an dtrains, by grab, Bill, if you only was there why they came in and out of them statshuns jest like bees. And bildins, an they say they hain't no skyscrapers in Chi well if there ain't

none there my name ain't Hiram. One feller up there must be orful rich why every hotel in town about had his name on the sign. The fellerz name is Fireproof. We—We went by the Cubs park but I didn't see no bears, we went by purty lively tho. The football coach he sez, now lookout fer the Loyola skouts. Your old uncle looked too an he didn't see no boy skouts either. Well to get back to the game we lost but the president told our coach we was a clean bunch. Its a good thing the coach told us to get a haircut and shave and take a shower afore we went up there. We came back on the "Midnite Flier" which ain't no airship but a train but , ges the engineer thought they was an 8mile per hr speed limit on caus we sure didn't fly. Anyways konsidering everything it was sum trip an I wouldn't want no better fun than to go to Chi agen.

Now listen Bill when you git the huskin done why don't fale to write and I'll anser quick an tell you about the trip to Culver. An all about the swimmin hole they got inside up there. Best regardse to all the Turkey Cricks boys and gals.

I am, Yours till Ivory soap sinks,  
Hiram.

So Ford has bought another town! Why wish to be president of a country when you can buy the blamed thing?

Another reason for the density of population in Europe may be that the inhabitants do not race trains to the crossings.

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WILLIAM TRAUB

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## BASKETBALL MEN SWING INTO ACTION COACH RADICAN MAKES INITIAL CUT

With football at an end, basket ball now holds the stage of interest. Coach Radican, after putting the candidates through a week of fundamentals, announces the following list as this article goes to press:

Captain Weier, Hoffman, Klen, Lauer, Jim Hipskind, Roach, N. Liebert, McGuire, Jordan, Metz, Petit, Byrne, Hoban and Hoefer.

The prospects for a winning combination this year are excellent, since last year's varsity remains intact. At forward positions, Captain Weier, Klen, Roach and Norm Liebert, all veterans, are gradually rounding into form. Along with these Byrne and Jordan are not to be overlooked. At center, Hoffman, star pivot man of former years, looks better than ever, and local fans are rejoicing over the fact that his knee which was injured during the football season is almost sound again. Metz and Hoban are the other two aspirants for the position. "Jim" Lauer, the lad from Kouts, is displaying some flashes of mid-season form at floor guard; and Petit, Hoefer and McGuire are likewise showing well when it comes to covering the court. At backguard, Jim Hipskind and Ted Liebert are battling fiercely for the first string job.

Coach Radican intends for this year's quintet to use the short pass game, which was used so effectively in the "Big Ten" during the last two years. If the team can perfect this game, with their speed and experience, they should be heard of in "Hoosierdom" basket ball circles this winter. The opening game will be played

Thanksgiving evening with the Brook Independents as the opposition. This contest will give local followers of the Purple and Red a chance to see what the squad will do under fire.

Method of keeping hootch out of politics—First keep it out of the politicians.

"Can you tell your wife's age?"  
"Yes, but if I did, she'd kill me."

Capital and labor divide the doughnut. The middle class gets what was in the middle.

What has become of the old-fashioned folk who worked harder to earn money than to spend it?

It may be true that Americanism is flagging, but it is not flogging.

It is a good thing for humanity that the grouches do not have the distribution of the sunshine.

A pool shark is not a swimmer. Pool players call their shots, but not what they think of them.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.  
Rensselaer, Ind.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory  
X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS  
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## CHEERY CHATTER

We wonder: If Henry Ford runs for president, whether he will make another "Lincoln?"

Rall—"Trust me with a stamp till tomorrow will you? my desk is locked."

John Hipkind—"Sure, Rall."

Rall—"But suppose I die or—"

Hip—"Oh, that's all right, the loss would be a trifle."

Remember gang—only 24 more days, so do your shopping early and avoid getting smashed.

Big Debate: Stock—"If I were you I'd have more sense."

Butch—"Of course you would."

In General Science Lab—Prof.: "What insect lives on the least food?"  
Murphy: "A moth. It eats holes."

While Rockne of N. D., writes plays, he is not a playwright. He writes so they won't play wrong.

While the football season ends on Thanksgiving Day that is not the original excuse for Thanksgiving.

Whole town turns out to meet Jack Dempsey at Salt Lake City. That's a safer way than one man at a time.

Bastin, (troubled): "If you were in my shoes what would you do?"

Moody: "Shine 'em."

Football players are among the few who are cheered for kicking.

### FOR SALE—

One Overland car with a piston ring, Two rear wheels, one front spring. Has no fenders, seat, or plank, Burns lots of gas, hard to crank. Carburetor bursted, halfway thru, Engine missing, hits on two. Four months old, six in the Spring, Has shock absorbers and everything. Radiator bursted, sure does leak, Differential dry, you can hear it squeak.

Ten spokes missing, front all bent, Tires blown out, not worth a cent. Got lots of speed, runs like the deuce, Burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off, runs on the rim, A darn good car for the shape its in. (For further information consult owner, Sylvester Schmelzer).

Every farmer wishes to be rich enough to live in town and spend his time at a country club.

You have heard of men sleeping on pool tables. They have cushions. You can bank on them.

If it's candy, just say

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News Stand



**BITS OF CHEER**

Slim Trahe has taken a tumble to the manly art. By purchasing H. C. Witter's, The Leather Pushers, he expects to obtain the fine points of the game at once.

Fat Buckley is following Coach Radican's advice, concerning reducing. He is now on the wrestling team.

Searching our intellect for a good joke, we finally decided to publish the name of Bastin.

From the way Joe Steckler plasters down that hair, one would think that he was getting ready for the Grad picture.

"Red" Lyons read in a sport sheet that the university star in football usually is not the high school star, but the lad who strives for four years for the team—Gee, some red-heads have high aspirations.

Some say the Giants played with their backs to the wall. Maybe Babe Ruth was at bat.

Spike Ziemer: "What are you writing on?"

Carmichael (writing a comp): "Why you poor fish, on paper."

**ANTICS OF TABLE  
NUMBER THREE**

It was after a pepper fight and the air was spicy. Brenner chokingly viewed the few remaining pepper grains and blew lustily at them. Miscalculating the distance, however, he caused an eruption of the famous breakfast drink into his inspiring countenance—and then, belligerently, "Who threw that?"

**AS WE LOOK AT IT**

Braun, erstwhile Iconoclast editor, "got the dagger" from his assassin, according to a prominent Senior. Competition in the field, Pete!!

Lilly promises to survive the winter as well as Green.

The Fourths pass as wonderful "Seniors"—Bughouse fables.

Wind-breaks may be constructed on the South-side. We wonder why???

The height of conceit: Hagstrom: "Vogel, you sure are lucky because you don't have to shave as often as we men do."

The age of miracles is not past. Golden cracked a brand new joke a few days ago. But here's the eighth wonder of the world: One of the Reichlin twins was seen out walking without the other.

According to Daye Farragher, red hair is a mark of unusual distinction.

Sullivan and Basso have recently become the most listened to entertainers for the "Outdoor Club"—They are thinking of writing a book on hunting, so it would seem.

Aldrich: "Some day, I expect to have the world at my feet."

John Hipkind: "What have you been doing all this time, walking on your hands?"

In the dining hall: "Say, waiter! How many times have I called you?"

Waiter (haughtily): "You'll have to keep count of that, sonny—I have other things to do."

She: "When a man, who bores me terribly, asks me where I live, I always say in the suburbs."

Colleger: "How clever! And where do you really live?"

She: "In the suburbs."

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